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THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE.

An Epitome of a Lecture by the late Rev. J. H. Wright.

THE touching story of the "Babes in the Wood" is one whose beauty and pathos have been attested by many tears and frequent demands for its rehearsal. Allow me to tell you a still more touching story whose purport and whose issue are darkly shadowed forth in the well-known nursery tale. What is told as occurring on a small scale in England is also told as occurring on a vastly larger scale, and with important variations in Europe. Instead of two, twice two score thousand children were decoyed from their homes and left to perish. The wicked uncle was in this case no less a personage than Pope Innocent III, and the marvellous ruffians were his priestly tools, and I would gladly whisper that the sympathizing robin may find its counterpart in him who seeks to show his pity and his admiration by narrating this sad history.

The Children's Crusade took place 684 years ago. It was strange in its beginning, startling in its growth, tragical in its culmination and most deplorable in its issue. To pursue this theme intelligently it will be necessary to bear in mind that it was in the midnight hour of the dark ages. Ignorance was lord of all. Brute force ruled; citizens of different provinces in the same kingdom knew less of each other than we know of Hottentots. The peasant was slave to the knight, the knight was vassal to the baron, and the baron bullied or fawned upon the king. Yet there was one name that was known and loved from the Mediterranean to the Baltic. There was one cause that united all ranks and all races under one banner. There was one word that stirred alike the pulse of king and beggar. There was one battle cry that pealed with equal fervor from the lungs of Teuton, Saxon, Norman, Italian, Dane and Hun." That sacred name was Palestine; that common cause its rescue from the Moslem; that magic word, crusade; that mighty battle-cry, "It is the will of God."

Peter the Hermit, the apostle of the first crusade, was a man stricken in years and weakened by self-imposed penance, yet the blast of his breath stirred the stagnant waters of medieval life so powerfully that wave after wave, crested with the foam of pious frenzy, rolled tumultuously eastward only to be

dashed in spray on the rock of Saracen power in Palestine. Once, twice, thrice and again had the soldiers of Europe been pushed in large masses across land and sea to drive out the Moslems from Judea. Successful for a time, their efforts ended only in disaster, till the people of the west lost heart in the struggle.

But when men failed to be moved by the urgent appeals of priest and palmer, prince and pope, the children caught up the falling standard of the cross. Come with me across continent and ocean to the sunny land of France. The little hamlet of Cloyes lies in the peaceful valley through which Joan of Arc passed on her way to Orleans, to fame and martyrdom, and there the battle was fought in which Richard the Lion-hearted routed the forces of Philip Augustus. There was born in one of these lowly cottages a babe whose fortune and fate were to be as remarkable as any depicted by the fancy of an Oriental story-teller. Stephen of Cloyes is the only title by which he is known in history. His days wore on without unusual circumstance till he was old enough to be of some service, and then with a little staff he was sent to herd the sheep in the upland plains. Here he would fall into deep reveries. Secluded as the village was it could not escape the rumors that for more than a century had been filling the air. Many were the startling stories heard by Stephen and the prayers poured forth by him in simple faith that the Holy Sepulchre might be held in pious hands and visited in peace by pious feet. Thoughtful beyond his years, Stephen grew more and more deeply enamored of the subject that was uppermost in his mind. The returned palmer or soldier found in him a most appreciative listener. One day he went to the neighboring city of Chartres and saw the procession of the Black Crosses. This spectacle inflamed Stephen to the highest pitch and prepared him to believe and do any thing for this sacred cause.

In this state of mind as he watched, or rather neglected, his flock there appeared to him a priest who first announced himself as a pilgrim, and then as the Lord Jesus Christ, who had come to commission Stephen to be his messenger to the children of France. He was to teach them that what men could not do, children could; that wherein brave soldiers and shrewd statesmen had altogether failed, weak boys and timid girls should win glorious success. Fired with such a token of divine favor, the poor boy accepted the trust. He would preach a new crusade, and his text should be, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger."

But Cloyes was not public enough. He must go where an audience could be had. He set out strong in delusion and gifted with powers of eloquent persuasion. Perhaps the most noted place in France at the beginning of the thirteenth century was the shrine of St. Denis, five miles north of Paris. Thither went Stephen after preaching in the towns and cities by the way. His appearance there produced a surprising effect. He told in burning words of the victories that had been won, the cities taken, the sufferings endured by the Christians in the Holy Land. Then he would point to the tomb of St. Denis, hallowed by prayer, guarded by priests, showered with costly gifts and surrounded with earnest devotees, and draw a telling contrast between it and the Saviour's tomb; profaned by the presence of infidels, neglected and suffered to go to ruin, while insult and injury were heaped on any pilgrim who ventured in defiance of

Moslem rule to seek out the Holy Sepulchre. The light of enthusiasm flashed from his eyes as he told of miracles that had convinced him of his apostleship. As he rose to the highest point of his fervid appeals, he would stretch out his shepherd's staff and prophesy that when an army of children should follow him to the shore of the Mediterranean, he would cleave a safe path through the the mighty waters to the other shore, even as of old "the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea."

The contagion spread like wildfire. Children who heard the great prophet went home to become minor prophets, and all over the land little ones rose up to volunteer for the march to Palestine. Leaving their homes and ranging themselves under chosen leaders, they came to the standard of Stephen by hundreds and by thousands. It was all in vain that parents and guardians interposed. Heedless of entreaties the boy of eight or ten declared his intention to enlist in the holy war. If force was used to prevent departure sickness would eventually result. The epidemic was not confined to any rank or class. Sons of nobles and peasants trudged side by side in the rank and file. The infatuation was shared by girls as well as boys. The laughing maiden laid aside her dolls and trinkets to take her stand among the youthful heroes. Vendome was indicated as the point of gathering for the start. From Paris alone came 15,000, none of whom were more than twelve years old, and 15,000 from the rest of France, and all was ready for the journey of 300 miles through France and a thousand leagues under the sea.

Alas, that they did not stop to inquire the difference between impulse and resolution, between excitement and a zeal of God that is according to knowledge. The same motive that made one priest counterfeit divinity to lead him astray brought others to continue his delusion for their own profit. Flattery and authority soon turned the poor child's head so that when they set out from Vendome he travelled in gilded and canopied chariot, with sons of nobles for his servants and thirty thousand followers, who worshipped him as a god. May the earth never again behold such a scene as when the army of children struck their tents and took up the line of march. One could hear the wail of France weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted because they are not.

Nothing of all this enters their mind. A song written for them has come down to us: "Between waters, they shall be to us as a wall on our right hand and left. We are to cross the untrodden bed of the sea, and with dry feet will we stand on the distant beach of Acre or Tripoli. We bear no weapons and we wear no armor. The pathway of the crusade may be marked by the stain of blood, and the glitter of steel and martial music may have timed their steps, but our pilgrims robes are our armor, our crosses are our swords and our hymns shall time our marches."

Some lost heart and deserted, but most plodded patiently on sustained by the hope of reaching Jerusalem. Jerusalem was on their hearts and lips, and sometimes as they entered the gates of one or another city, the little ones would plaintively ask—forgetting the sea that rolled between, "Is this Jerusalem?" At length Marseilles was reached, and they crowded eagerly down to the edge of the water to see the miraculous path, but the blue waves came dashing in as if in defiance. Day after day passed, and each morning a smaller and sadder band gathered at the wharves to see if the way was open. Then it was that two wealthy merchants offered to fur-

nish whatever ships were needed to carry the child soldiers across the sea, and the hearts sick with hope deferred grasped eagerly at the offer. Their faith accommodated the fulfillment to the prophecy, saying, "This is the way that was to be opened up. Is it not a miracle that strangers should offer their ships without price?"

On the third day two of the seven ships were wrecked, and all on board perished, and yet the survivors might have looked with envy, for their own fate was far more cruel. Those kindly merchants were slave dealers, and their ships made port in Mohammaden harbors, where all the children were sold into the worst of slavery. Instead of marching in triumphant procession, they marched in chains. Some were "sold into Egypt" and others sent to Bagdad. They were subjected to every artifice that they might renounce Christianity and become followers of the False Prophet. But the rulers of Asia might have spared their pains. The victims of treachery too black for words would never betray themselves nor their master. Their bodies might be bought and sold, but their high spirits were their own, and sooner than abjure their faith, they suffered the fatal bow-string to encircle their necks or the waters of the Tigris to close over their heads.

Almost simultaneously with the uprising in France, there was a movement in Germany. It was hindered somewhat by the Emperor, but accelerated by the Pope. A uniform was adopted, and the cry was not for battles and blood, but for conversions and baptism. The German song as handed down is, "We go to carry the cross beyond the sea and to baptize the Moslem infidels." The apostle of the German crusade was called Nicholas. He entered on his work by the advice and aid of his father. Cologne was selected as the pulpit from which his voice was to be heard all over the land. The children flocked in such troops to the city that before the French began their march, 40,000 of both sexes and all ages, but mostly children, were gathered at Cologne for their more terrible journey.

The time would fail us to follow these noble but mistaken children through their long course. In front of them lay 700 miles of unknown country, and looming up in the midst, with their snow covered tops and dangerous passes, the Alps! Cold, hunger and weariness —these were their comrades and their enemies. How often the little feet would falter and the little form sink never to rise again. How often the careless step or sudden slip would hurl a brave young spirit to his death. Still the thinning ranks pressed onward till the summit was gained, till the slopes were descended, and then many hearts went up in thankfulness, from rag-covered and wasted bodies, that the worst was over.

Alas, for their fond hopes—the people of Italy were harsher to the little wayfarers than had been the cruel mountains. Some fiends incarnate joined themselves to the army of innocents the better to work out their hellish purposes; so that many of the noblest daughters of the Rhine and the Moselle who set out to redeem the Holy Land, became worse than slaves in Italy. 7,000 out of 20,000 reached Genoa. Probably one-half had abandoned the enterprise in time to reach home safely. The rest lay dead along the way. The waves of the Mediterranean danced and sparkled as merrily as though no childish hearts were breaking to see them dash in unbroken lines. Genoa provided no means of transportation. A broken-hearted and straggling band went thence to Rome, where the pope rescinded their vows for

the time and sent them home. The merest handful ever looked again on the vineyards of the fatherland.

Of the second German band suffice it it to say they travelled by a circuitous route to Brundusium, where they found ships, and "all that was left of them," numbering two or three thousand, sailed away beyond mortal ken, their course to be traced and their fate to be revealed when the earth and the sea shall give up their dead.

In the children's share in the Crusades we find much to pity, much to admire, and not a little to emulate. It was the distinctively childish character of trustful innocence and high-souled simplicity which alone could furnish material for this chapter in history. We of this nineteenth century when lightning is bridled, steam is put in the traces, and the Alps tunneled, will do well to bear in mind the condition attached to highest success by the greatest teacher of all: "Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

THE PERSONAL ELEMENT IN MISSIONARY WORK.

By Mrs. John McIlwain.

OF the number of members in our church who are professed followers of Jesus Christ, it is estimated 50,000 are women, and the subject of this article concerns them.

We are firmly convinced that when a woman unites with the church, and publicly makes a profession of her faith in Jesus Christ, and vows to live according to his teaching—to deny herself and take up her cross and follow Him, she is from that time an element in the missionary work; and do not allow yourself, dear sister, to think for a moment you have done all that is required of you when you have taken this step. You have only crossed the threshold into a society where every member is expected to engage in a work which will continue so long as God spares your life. If yon are a true child of God you can never cease, while reason lasts, to be a moving cause or principle in missionary work, and if your heart is right with God you will never want it to be anything else; and looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, the Captain of our salvation, whose we are and whom we serve, you will never be at a loss to know what is your duty and how to perform it.

In the ruin which followed the entrance of sin into the world we find man no longer innocent and happy; for, as a consequence of his sin, the Holy Spirit departed, the divine image was effaced, and Satan's image impressed in its stead. He "knew both good and evil," but he lost the good. Even the face of nature partook of the evil, and produced thorns and thistles. The entrance of sin defiled the whole human race, and death spiritual and temporal followed, for all have sinned, and wickedness, misery, and death reign. But in the fullness of time the promised Saviour came—this glorious Saviour, "who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but made himself of no reputation, took upon him the form of a servant and was made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." Jesus came to us as the manifestation of the eternal love and mercy of our Heavenly Father to a fallen race, to

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restore to our humanity the Holy Spirit, replant the divine character in our hearts and show us the possibility of holy living; and dying for us, has paid the penalty of sin and satisfied divine justice forever, subduing all enemies to himself and his followers. This dispensation, and the religion founded on it, has for its object the recovery of mankind out of their present wretched condition, and raising them to the perfection and final happiness of their nature.

After Christ's resurrection he appeared to his disciples, saying, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you to the end of the world." This was his mission to his disciples then, and it is equally binding on his disciples now. It is our great privilege to be counted factors in spreading the good news of salvation, and to help establish our Lord's kingdom in the world. After securing the benefits of salvation for ourselves, we are under obligation to see to it that others, through our teaching or instrumentality, hear the gospel tidings. Read Eze. 3, 17:21.

The missionary work is spreading the word of God, making known the fact that Jesus, the Son of God, has come into the world to redeem the lost; that God has revealed his will to men in his holy word, and this work is accomplished by the members of his church supporting his ministers at home and sending them to heathen lands and to all parts where the gospel news has not yet been heard. Even in cities where wickedness most abounds, missions are established to reach the godless and carelessly indifferent. In this great work of evangelism, what part, my sister, are you taking, or are you taking any?

A great part has been given to the women to do in this work, and every church has, or ought to have, missionary societies of women. Is your name enrolled?

THE WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MAGAZINE keeps them all posted as to *where* the work is being done; *who* is doing it; *how* it is being done; what it *costs*, and how the money is raised—how much each society contributes, and how many members contribute, and a great deal more. Do you subscribe for and read it? Do you attend the meetings of your society? or as a personal element in this, your work, what do you do? If your society does well without your aid in some way, will you rejoice in its success? And if it fails or does little without the aid you could give it, will you feel correspondingly sorry?

You cannot maintain a position of neutrality in this case. God has committed to each one a talent; when He comes He will require His own with usury. "Stir up the gift that is in thee" and put it to use. Jesus says, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me." There is something every individual element in this society, in Christ, can do. What is wanted?

In order to accomplish the best results, an organization is necessary; then the presence of the members, each one of us bringing our best thoughts, and willing to do what we can to make the meeting a succes, placing our time, our money—all that we have and are—at the disposal of Him who has redeemed us. You may figure out for yourself what to answer Him as to not having time to attend, nor money to spare, or the whatever it is that makes you an indifferent missionary member, and at the same time enables many of you, though not all

to keep your place in the round of giddy fashionable entertainments, and to be much sought after on account of your liberality as a hostess.

Jesus again says to those who receive his truth, "Ye are the salt of the earth, but if the salt have lost its savor wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing but to be cast out and to be trodden under foot of men."

Have you ever thought of the untold value of salt?—that it is an essential constituent of the food of man and animals; that without it man would miserably perish; that in Eastern countries it held an important place in their services, being used in the various offerings presented on the altar; that it was used in their feasts, and so came to be an emblem of friendship and hospitality, and that on account of its preservative qualities it was used as an emblem of incorruption? God says by Moses, "And every oblation of the meat-offering shalt thou season with salt; neither shalt thou suffer the salt of the covenant of thy God to be lacking from thy meat-offering; with all thine offerings thou shalt offer salt."

In likening his followers to salt, Jesus knew the essential qualities and the virtuous effects of salt, as well as the emblematical meanings attached to it and the universality of its distribution in nature. So he would have his disciples and ministers scattered in every part of the world that their doctrine, holy living, chaste conversation, teachings and prayers, may stay the progress of sin and wickedness, and be instrumental in impressing men's mind with grace and holiness; but if they be of unsound doctrine, unholy in life, or unchaste and worldly in conversation, they disgrace their profession, dishonor their Master, create a prejudice against His religion, and so become the most worthless of mankind. Any approach to this renders a Christian unfit to be "the salt of the earth."

Our Master has called us to new duties, the performance of which requires earnest, active labor on our part. Come then and help altogether, if you would share in the "well done good and faithful servant." You must render your part of the sacrificing and give your presence and encouragement, your sympathy, prayers and money;—in fact you must "present your body, a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

BETSEY HARPER'S STINT.

By Emma P. Treat.

"THIS ought ye to have done and not to have left the other undone."

Mrs. Timothy Dwight had been reading "The Squire's Two Hundred," and as these closing words fell from her lips, and she turned from the little audience of listeners, a smile of pleasant approbation lighted up all faces. "Beautiful," "charming," was whispered by the more demonstrative. Whether they referred to the story read, or to the reader was not exactly certain, but in either case the whole scene had been a pretty one.

On the platform, in charming attire, surrounded by beautiful flowers and stately palms, the soft light from the stained glass windows playing now on the dark brown hair, then lighting the deep eyes with a new glow, or casting loving beams of color upon the pale, soft folds of her gown, Mrs. Timothy Dwight in her beautiful setting had made a picture

that needed but a bit of imagination to serve as a creation from the canvas of one of the masters.

The meeting closed and many words of praise met the ears of Mrs. Dwight. Out of a really true and gentle heart she expressed her thanks in graceful sentences. She never had been greatly interested in mission work of any kind, yet each month, she had enclosed her little offering in its tiny envelope, and had dropped it into the basket with a "well done" feeling that put her upon most comfortable terms with herself. She often said: "I don't miss it a bit, and it helps, I suppose." It was good to feel that she was a member of a society willing to take her small gifts, and, merging them into larger ones, make of the united sum such a respectable "total." Perhaps it was a bit queer, but she had come to take great pride in these "totals" as they were read in the annual meetings.

So, as Mrs. Dwight, with light and airy step, passed down the broad aisle that day, the pleasant words of appreciation in her ears, her heart sang a delightful song of self-gratulation.

But the dream was of short duration. As she reached the door she saw there, as if awaiting her coming, a woman evidently of the working class. Her dress was neat and clean, her white apron spotless, and the basket of broken pieces of cake which she held in her hand, showed plainly that she had been employed to help with the luncheon so daintly served in the parlors below. Judging from her face, she was untutored and apparently a little dull of intellect, but earnestness and sincerity were plainly stamped upon her countenance.

"Good afternoon, ma'am," she said. "May I ask you a question, please?"

The woman's tone was respectful, but there was a shade of annoyance in Mrs. Dwight's voice as she replied, "Certainly you may."

"Thank you, ma'am. My name is Betsey Harper. I stepped in to rest just a bit before I started home, and I heard what you read. It was lovely, ma'am, it was all lovely, but do you really think it's true?" "I do not quite understand you. Do I think *what* is true?"

"Why, what you said, ma'am, that everybody who is really Christ's must bring to Him two hundred others. It's such a powerful lot." Mrs. Dwight hesitated. Did she really think that? Had she thought anything about it, except to get just the tone of voice that would fall most pleasantly upon the ear, the exact shading of pronunciation and accent, and to give the whole the most telling and artistic effect. That moment of introspection showed her thoughts had dwelt, not upon the awful truth she had stated, but only upon her part in its dramatic rendering. But she could not tell *that* to Betsey Harper; surely not while those great brown eyes were staring at her as if to fathom her thoughts.

"Really, I have given the matter little thought, but now you call my attention to it, it must be the case. But the writer was undoubtedly thinking of people whom *we* never meet, such as Indians, and Negroes, and Esquimaux—those horrid people who are too lazy to cook, but just live on blubber; the very thought makes me shudder. Our church people will all be saved, *of course*, and so, Mrs. Harper, you would better not think of it any more. It is so distressing."

"Yes, ma'am, that's true. But if this other is true won't it be more distressing to us some day, ma'am, not to have thought about it?"

"Oh! you take it too seriously. It is useless to bother your brains about what you cannot help. Have not you enough to worry about that you add this load to

your pack?"

"I don't know, ma'am. I have my five children. It's three years now since Roger, their good father, was killed in the mill. I've thought sometimes nobody had such a hard stretch of it as myself. But I never dreamed the Lord thought I'd ought to be looking out for two hundred beside. Two hundred! I don't see how He *can* expect it."

"Why He don't expect it of you, nor indeed of any of us. That is just a way of putting it, you know."

"But the words you read, the last ones, weren't they what *He* said? 'This *ought* ye to have done.' That I suppose means taking care of our children and the like; and then He goes on about the two hundred; we're not to leave them 'undone,' He says."

"As I said before, Mrs. Harper, you take it too seriously. No one else thinks of it so. Writers of papers or stories have to put it in that strong way to make it—well, what they call effective. I do not suppose they really mean any one to take it that way."

Betsey Harper looked doubtful, but as she said nothing, Mrs. Dwight bade her a hasty "good day," and passed out into the bright sunshine.

Taking up her basket Betsey Harper started for her poor little home. But try as she would the thoughts that had been awakened could not be silenced. Why did people write such things if they were not true? If they were true, had she really any duty in the matter? She hadn't enough for herself, how then *could* she keep others?

Then her thoughts went back over the three years of her widowhood; how lonely she had been! and the nights when the children had been sick and she could not have a doctor, and there was no one to lend a helping hand! then she had prayed—how she had prayed! and the Lord had answered her just as if she had been a fine lady, instead of a poor working body whom her neighbors sometimes laughed at for her oddity. In her gratitude she had asked the Lord, too, to let her do something for Him, "for," she said, "I don't want everything done for me, and I to do nothing back;" and now this had been shown her.

"I might have managed it," she said, "if there was only *one* of them, but two hundred! why I couldn't give them a crumb apiece. The Lord must think it an awful big stint for me, but if He wants me to, why, then I'll tackle it."

And Betsey Harper did what she always had done when she came to a place in her road she called "a genuine piece of corduroy," she prayed.

"*How* I'm ever to do it," she said, "I can't tell. But there's one blessed thing, the Lord knows what I don't."

Mrs. Timothy Dwight's thoughts ran in a different channel. She had been annoyed, and a shade of that feeling had tinged her whole conversation.

"How absurd!" she said. "Why the woman needs help herself! Carrying home broken bits for her children and then talking about taking care of two hundred more needy ones! It does seem as if something was mentally wrong with that whole class. Hereditary unbalance, I suppose. What an awfully queer feeling it gave me when she asked, with those great eyes staring at me, if I *really* thought it was true? The idea, when I'd never thought about it at all," and Mrs. Dwight twitched her shoulders as if that "awfully queer" feeling was still with her.

It was Monday morning in Betsey Harper's kitchen. The breakfast was over, the house tidied up and the older children off to school.

The steaming boiler, the tubs, the baskets of clothes, proclaimed the occupa-

tion of the mistress of the little gray house. Shielded by a huge apron, her dress carefully tucked up, her sleeves rolled above her elbows, Betsey Harper began her work. As she worked she talked to herself.

"I don't see." she said, "*how* I'm ever going to make it. Everything is so high and the children—bless their dear hearts—were never so hungry before, just ready to eat me up all the time, they say. And as for shoes, well, I never saw anything like it! But, dear me, I'll not complain. What if the dear feet should grow still and never need shoes again.

Just here the boiler sprung a leak, and Betsey Harper, most unhero like, gave a groan of real despair, and sat down in the nearest basket of clothes.

"That old boiler! she exclaimed. "It makes me numb to look at it, and I can't get a new one, I just can't. Oh dear! if there was only one of me instead of two hundred and one! I'm altogether too many for one pair of hands! I don't see why the good Lord planned it so. But maybe He didn't; maybe somebody shirked, and they didn't know about me at all, that I'd have to make up for them. Oh dear!"

And there she sat, helplessly watching the water running a merry race over the floor.

"I shall never get that floor mopped up," she began again. "If I'd gone at it at once it would have been easy enough, but now it's a regular flood. It's for all the world like my stint. If I could have begun when there was only *one*, it would have been easy enough. Roger always said 'a stitch in time saves nine." But, oh, my, that boiler!"

Betsey Harper sprang up, shook herself together, and then with an old knife and a saucer of flour, went to work to stop the leak. Somehow she felt stronger when, after many disheartening trials with her improvised soldering outfit, she came off victorous. It does strengthen courage sometimes to be able to repair even so small a breach as a hole in an old clothes-boiler.

Six months have passed since the annual meeting of the missionary society when we first met Betsey Harper; six months of hard labor and much self-denial.

It is a clear October afternoon, and I ask you to follow her, as, dressed in her best, she sets out from her plain little home and walks briskly down the street. You need but look at her to be sure she is on some important errand, for she turns neither to right nor left until she reaches a large book-store in the business center of the city.

Entering the wide door, she is abashed, and if her life had known many retreats perhaps she would have withdrawn now but for the assuring tone of voice with which the urbane and gentlemanly clerk accosts her.

"What can I do for you to-day?"

"I'd like to look at a Testament, sir; one with good plain letters and put together strong."

"Just step this way, please; I feel sure we can suit you, and we have them for all prices, from eight cents up into dollars."

"Did you say a *whole* Testament for eight cents? You're sure it's all in, are you?"

"Yes indeed, every word of it. Look at this, ma'am," and he handed her one neatly bound. with clear good type.

"And this, you say, is only eight cents?"

Betsey Harper still held the book, turning the leaves slowly, stopping to catch a word, or to read a sentence as each new page represented itself. She had quite forgotten the clerk until he addressed her.

"Would you like that one, ma'am?"

"Yes, sir, I think so. Have you any more of them?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am. We always keep these in stock. They're nice to slip into a "grip" or carry in the pocket. Would you like another?"

"Two hundred, if you please, sir."

"Two hundred! Why bless me ma'am, they're all just alike. You surely do not want two hundred of them, do you?"

Try as he would the gentlemanly young man could not keep back the smile the thought excited.

"I may have them if I pay for them, I suppose?"

"Certainly ma'am."

Drawing out her purse, the one that had served Roger many a year, she slowly counted out the money and laid it down before him.

"That's correct, ma'am; but where shall I send them?"

Carefully giving the address and thanking the young man, she bade "good day" and left the store.

On the fairest of October days, when even the light seemed colored with the tints of the gaily decked autumn trees, Mrs. Timothy Dwight, in calling costume, descended the broad stone steps of her stately home. Lingering a moment to take in the beauty of the view, the wide lawn, the well-kept walks, the beds of late blooming flowers, she saw a queer procession entering her gateway. A boy of some twelve years, shabbily dressed, was pushing a two-wheeled cart which a woman was pulling by a rope fastened on either side.

"Of all things this is the queerest," murmured Mrs. Dwight as the intruders approached. Her surprise was not lessened by the salutation that followed.

"Good day, ma'am," said the woman, her face bright with pleasure. "I'm so glad I've found you, for I didn't know at all which of these fine houses might be yours. I watched you that day, but wasn't sure just where you stopped. Many's the time I've thought I'd have to give it up. But I think, as I look back over all the long, hard days it took, that for once He'll have to say: 'Betsey, that's well done.'"

Too astonished to speak Mrs. Dwight stood looking into the woman's face. It flushed under the scrutiny. She had expected at least a smile of recognition. But as Mrs. Dwight did not speak she felt compelled to go on.

"You know, ma'am, you said that every one of us who loves the Lord, and I'm sure I do, must tell two hundred others about him. I couldn't leave the children and go myself and I couldn't pay anyone else for telling them for me, and so I've done all I could," and she drew off an old shawl that covered the cart and showed Mrs. Dwight the contents.

Testaments, nothing but Testaments.

Still Mrs. Dwight was silent. Nervous and hesitating, Betsey Harper went on again.

"And you see, ma'am, it took every dollar I had to buy them, and so I thought maybe you'd be sending too, and would let me put mine in with yours; it would be such a help to me, ma'am, indeed it would."

"I be sending too," gasped Mrs. Dwight. "I do not understand at all what you mean."

Hearing the door open behind her, Mrs. Dwight turned to meet her husband.

"Oh! my dear," she exclaimed, "do, if you can, find out what all this means?"

Stepping to the cart Mr. Dwight took up one after another of the books, and with his lawyer's tact began a series of questions that he intended should lead up to an explanation of the queer scene.

"You've a good many books here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are they all alike?"

"Not quite, sir. Some are blue and some are brown. I think the brown ones will wear the best."

"Yes, perhaps so" with a smile, "but I mean, are they all the same inside?"

"Just the same, sir. Of course I haven't read them all, but the young man said so, sir.

"How many have you here?"

"Two hundred, sir."

"Two hundred! Why, how did you come to get so many?"

"Why, because of what this lady here —she's your wife, sir, isn't she?—told me."

"My wife told you?"

"Yes, sir," Betsey Harper replied, and her tone showed that she was weary of all this trifling; "your wife said, 'each of us is responsible for *two hundred* souls, or at least for their hearing the gospel.' Them's the very words, sir I couldn't forget them if I tried, and I couldn't go and tell it to them, sir, and so I thought I'd send the Testaments and let them read it themselves."

"Oh! Timothy," interrupted Mrs. Dwight," "it was that meeting, that annual meeting that has done all this. Oh, this is dreadful! You know I told you a woman spoke to me as I came out. She told me her name,——"

"Betsey Harper, ma'am."

"Yes, Mrs Harper, and she took it all for actual earnest, and I couldn't make her see that no one ever thinks of really doing such a thing. I suppose I read what she said, or something like it, but of course I didn't expect any one was going to take it up seriously."

"Oh!" replied her husband. "Do I understand that you read what none of you except this woman believed? That your part in the meeting was given just for the stage effects?"

"Now, dear, don't tease. Of course we believe it in a way. But you know, dear, if we had believed it as Mrs. Harper does, none of us could have rested day or night until we had done *something*. Oh, this is really distressing!"

"Distressing! yes, I should say so–distressing that any child of God could read a statement like that, and then forget it. But perhaps I can arrange this. 'Mrs. Harper, what did these books cost you?"

"Sixteen dollars, sir."

"How did you get the money, may I ask?"

"Why, sir, we all worked, and I did extra washing and Ted here he helped with the rubbing, and then the children went barefoot and that saved shoes, and we gave up coffee and sugar, sir, and that helped; indeed, sir, we just worried along until we got it all; then, sir, I bought them."

"But why did you bring them here?"

"Why, you see, sir, there will not be many more warm days like these, and the cold weather is harder for us, sir, for we *must* have fire and shoes, and I couldn't see how I could pay for sending them so far; and so I thought, sir, your wife might be willing to send them with hers. If I waited until summer, perhaps a good many of *my* two hundred might be gone,"

"Yes, I see. Where did you want them to go?"

"Why to the ones your wife told me of; I looked them up in Ted's geography; they live in Alaska, poor souls, and I thought perhaps she'd send them before the dreadful cold comes on. They'd be so nice for them to read in the long winter evenings."

"You mean the Esquimaux, I suppose."

"Yes, they're the ones–the Esquimaux.

"Well, Mrs. Harper, you may, if you please, leave them in my wife's care, and I will promise that they shall get these books or something that will serve them

better. If Ted, here, will help, we'll carry them in."

And Mr. Dwight began to fill his arms with the blue and brown volumes. When they were all safely stored upon a table in the library of the attractive home, Betsey Harper stood looking at the goodly pile, her face full of delight, for to her they were the most beautiful of the many rare objects that adorned the room; nay, they were more than that to her, for each one of those volumes meant an answered prayer.

Mr. Dwight recalled his thoughts from their wanderings. "Mrs. Harper," he said; "I see to-day what life might be if one would but follow, step by step, after the Master. What wonderful things we might do for Him if we would only take Him at His word and put individual hearts into His work. You have shown me to-day how wonderfully God honors such faith."

"*I*, sir! I do not understand you."

"Quite likely not. You had no thought of me when you aimed your arrow at the far-away Esquimaux, and certainly you did not think it would lodge in a heart near home."

A few words will finish my little story.

One evening Mr. Dwight invited a dozen or more of his friends to dine with him. In the hour of chat that followed the repast he told the story of Betsey Harper's stint. He then offered the Testaments for sale, the proceeds to go to the Esquimaux work in Alaska, the books to be sent to one of the "Homes" of the city for distribution.

In a few moments the sixteen dollars Betsey Harper had so painfully earned had grown to two hundred and fifty. Then with emotion visible in face and voice, Mr. Dwight took up one of the little brown volumes. "I should like to own this," he said, "and I will give fifty dollars for it. I mean to carry it always with me. The very sight of it will be an incentive to higher, better service for my Master. It will be a token ever reminding me that God looks back of all our attempts to serve Him to the heart. He counted Betsey Harper's love and zeal as more than all our knowledge of the world's need. This we know by the way in which He has blessed her service.

"Thinking of my own luke-warm service, my soul is filled with shame. But I pledge myself to begin at once upon what the Lord has apportioned out to me and will surely require of me—as my stint."

Dear fellow Christians, whose eyes may rest upon these lines, how is it with you? Have you finished your stint?—*Home Mission Monthly.*

THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

BY MRS. JEAN S. SANDS, SECRETARY.

A SICK child! How helpless it is! With quickened pulse and fever flushed face, it cannot even tell how it feels. It is "just sick." How it calls forth our symphathy! When the sick child is also a "child of sorrow," bereft of mother, or father, or perhaps both, then does it appeal to us, and seldom does it appeal to the Christian until a helping hand is reached out to relieve and uplift.

The Memorial Hospital in Allegheny, Pa. has had, during the past winter, such an experience as it never had since it opened its doors seven years ago. During the last week in October, we had a few cases of measles; as soon as admitted every case was sent to the contagious

ward, and every means known was taken to prevent the spread of the disease. This childhood disease, when appearing in the family may seem comparatively a trifling affair, but when it comes in a hospital, among those already ill and weak, then it becomes a serious matter.

As many of our readers will remember, we have but four single beds in our contagious ward, and off in a corner, as far removed as possible, is the housemaid's bed. To the question so often asked, "why so few beds, and the maid sleeping there?" our reply is, lack of room. With all the efforts put forth to stamp out the disease, it spread, and at one time we had ten sick children with the measles, and four beds to put them into. What did we do? The best we could under the circumstances—put two sick children in each single bed, and brought up cots for the others.

Think of it, boys and girls, with loving friends to care for you when sick; how would you fancy having the measles under such circumstances! When you are sick, mother and father and friends unite in trying to make you as comfortable and happy as possible. Now won't you try to make some child, less favored than you, comfortable, when sick? But where did the maid sleep during this busy time? In the kitchen on a cot. It was the only place in the building we could give her. A trained nurse from one of our hospitals was secured to take charge of these cases, and for six weeks she had a busy time of it.

Just when we thought the clouds were lifting and our little ones convalescing, scarlet fever developed in the "Mary S. Fulton" ward. In this ward we had a number of very serious cases. A young woman, a seamstress, was suffering with typhoid fever; for days her life hung in the balance. Another patient, a little girl, was suffering with typhoid pneumonia, with very little hope of her recovery. What could we do but take the scarlet fever patient up to the contagious ward, and pray that God would spare the lives of the children and help us get a new hospital. We were obliged to call in a night nurse several times, in order that the nurse on duty might get needed rest. Extra help had to be brought into the kitchen, and our expenses were largely increased.

Just when we thought the worst was over, a young woman employed in the Orphan's Home was admitted, and in a day or two we found she had diphtheria.

During this perplexing time, it pleased our heavenly Father to take two of our little patients to himself. One, a little boy about seven years old, had a severe attack of typhoid fever, was delirious from the beginning and refused to take medicine or nourishment, and it was with great difficulty they were given him. The other case was a little girl, a babe three months old. Very little hope was had of her life when admitted. These are the only deaths we have had for more than a year.

But God is very good to us and we are glad to tell you our contagious ward is without an occupant. At this writing we have some very sick children, and two women, one of whom is in the surgical ward. We have also a blind boy who has been admitted that a piece of decayed bone may be removed from his leg.

Again and again during the past winter have the friends of the hospital longed and prayed for our new hospital. The work is increasing each year, but the facilities for doing the work are the same as when we began, seven years ago. It is not practical to enlarge our present building; architect and contractor disapprove of it. If we are to do hospital work as it should be done, a new build-

ing is imperative. At present we are so crowded. Our nurse sleeps in a room five by eight feet, and with her necessary belongings in it, she literally has not room to turn around. The kitchen is the only available room, large enough for us to hold our monthly meetings. When our sisters, members of the Orphans' Home board, heard of our place of meeting, they sent us a cordial invitation to meet in the parlor of the Orphan's Home, which was accepted.

Have you read the article in the "Christian Union Herald" of December 14, 1895, by J. M. Fulton, D. D.? He writes so wisely and so well in regard to our work, that we quote from his article:

"Only those whose work has led them to visit the sick in humble homes can understand the great need of hospital work. Hundreds of children are maimed for life, because they have not had proper medical and surgical treatment at the right time. The best physician in many cases can do but little, because of want of proper surroundings and care for the patients. Many go all through life suffering from some chronic disease, because of the impossibility of helping them where they are. A few weeks or a few months in a good hospital would send them forth strong and able to earn a livelihood. Consult any Christian physician, and he at once will tell you that nothing could bring greater blessings to a large number of the afflicted than a well-regulated hospital. And when Christians read the life of their Lord, and see how much of his time and sympathies were taken up with the poor, needy sick ones, they feel that the physician stands close to the minister in the Lord's service, and the hospital should stand near the church with open doors for all burdened with disease. The hospital can be so conducted after being fully equipped, as to make it almost, if not altogether, pay its own way. There are many who are well-to-do, who will cheerfully pay for good hospital service, thereby giving such an institution money for running expenses."

A committee on site has been appointed by our association, and properties are being inspected. The committee is going very cautiously, as there is so much to be considered in selecting a suitable location. Would that our new hospital could be a monument of God's loving kindness to us!

Have you stood by the bedside of a loved child, with aching heart, lest the "dread destroyer" would be victorious? Has God answered your prayers and your little one is still with you? Send a thankoffering that "somebody's" child shall be the better cared for, because yours has been spared. Has the Good Shepherd come into your home, and gathered your lamb with his arms and carried it in his bosom to the beautiful home "over there"? Reach out, and may the memory of your loved one constrain you to help some sick child, who perhaps has never had the care and attention you can be the means of giving.

Pittsburg, Pa.

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

ASSYOOT, EGYPT, Jan., 1896.

A MARRIAGE is to take place this week in Assyoot that is giving a great feeling of satisfaction to many of us. This seems to be a country of marrying and of giving in marriage. There are very few people unmarried, and there is a strong feeling against the state of celibacy. If a man remains very long in that state he is apt to be regarded suspiciously. If a woman does so, she is an object of general pity, as it is supposed that she must be exceedingly unattractive if she fails in accomplishing the chief

end of an Egyptian woman's existence, which is to get married and become a mother. The life of an unmarried woman here is, as a rule, devoid of much pleasure. She has not the freedom in society of a married woman, and having nothing to live for outside of her home, makes no objection to becoming to some extent the household drudge.

The marriage which is to take place this week is in many respects a contrast to most Egyptian marriages. In the first place, the couple are past the usual age of marriage in this country, although just at a suitable age according to our Western ideas. Very frequently in Egypt the bride is a mere child, and can be no companion to her sober middle-aged husband. In very few cases can there begin to be any equality between husband and wife until after perhaps eight or ten years of married life. By that time the husband has formed habits of looking elsewhere for companionship and sympathy, and regards his young wife merely as his housekeeper and the mother of his children.

In the case to which I refer things are very different. The gentleman and lady are at an age when they can fully realize the responsibilities of their new position, and, having each had a good education as compared with most young Egyptians, they are to some extent capable of living up to them. Many marriages in this country are very unhappy on account of the wide disparity in intellectual attainments between the husband and wife. Frequently a bright, intelligent and well educated young man is married to some ignorant child or woman. Such marriages are made, not by the young men themselves, but by their parents, whose choice usually falls upon some family relative, frequently a first or second cousin. The young man concerned often seriously objects to the selection made for him, but to avoid a family quarrel usually gives, in the end, his reluctant consent. Among the Mohammedans and all enlightened Copts, the couple has, as probably as not, never met until the moment of the ceremony. Where the relationship has been close, e. g., first cousins, and where the families of both parties have resided in the same house or town, they frequently are so well acquainted as to be more like brother and sister than husband and wife. It is, however, a matter of supreme indifference whether the parties most closely concerned are satisfied. The important thing is that the parents have concluded that the match is a good one.

In the present case the choice was made by the young man himself, and the acceptance or refusal of it lay in the girl's own hands, and as this is one of a series of matches of this kind that have taken place in Assyoot, we are beginning to have more hope of the rising generation of Egyptians. Another very important condition of peace and happiness and improvement in the home-life, which is being fulfilled in this instance, is that the husband and wife are going to start out on life *in a home of their own.*

We are frequently asked by tourists, in a tone in which scepticism and hopeful interest are curiously intermingled, "Do you find that school-girls on their return to their homes are different from those who have had no such privileges?" To such a question I most heartily answer in the affirmative. Yet I confess that a visit to many of the homes of former school-girls would give the very opposite impression to all but the missionary himself, who knows the immense odds against which every girl-wife has to fight in her endeavor to live up to her probably imperfectly conceived idea of her duties. How many American girls at the age of thirteen, notwithstanding

all the splendid training they have received in their mother's home, by precept and example, and the innumerable training influences that they have breathed in from the atmosphere of christianized civilization, would be model house-keepers or model mothers at the age of thirteen,—yes, and even at an older age? We do our best when the girls are with us to impress on them the duties of wives and mothers, and many are the injunctions they receive. Think of it, reader. What does a merry thoughtless girl of thirteen or fifteen at home care about the duties of wifehood and motherhood? And shall we expect more of the less privileged girls of Egypt? They listen to my talk. They seem interested. They realize to some extent the truth of all that is said, and then they go out into the play-ground and have a good game of ball and are sorry when the bell rings to call them to study again; while I go my way hoping and praying that the words may return to the minds after many days, when the reality of wifehood and motherhood forces them on their attention. Then, think of the odds against which each of these girl-wives labors. Probably her husband lives with his father and mother and several other married brothers. She and her husband may have one or two rooms alloted to them, but, unless she is willing to be thought proud and unsociable, she must spend most of her time in the central court, where all the other wives and children spend their days. She has thus little privacy in her home-life. She is probably forced by the iron custom of her country to take her meals, not with her husband, but with the other women of the house, after the men have finished their meal. The baking and cooking are done in partnership in this central court, and after the first bloom of bridehood has passed away she is expected to take her share in this work; and being the latest arrival and the youngest in the household, and probably suspected of pride on account of her superior education, dares not intrude her ideas, learned at school, on her more experienced companions. When she has children she has the same battle to fight. She has a sincere desire to train her children well, and feels that she might succeed if she had them entirely under her control, but in that public court the poor little inexperienced mother has little chance to carry out her ideas of training, which are probably opposed to those of her sisters-in-law, whose more advanced age gives them the right to criticise her, if not to control her actions.

Thus she struggles on until it may be she loses heart in her attempt to carry out her ideal, and is finally carried along, scarcely resisting, with the general tide of household life. Can you blame her much? Does your heart not rather pity than censure her when you notice how slight is the difference between her and the other inmates of the house? Yet, thank God, there is a difference, and this difference, despite the immense odds against which she contends, will show itself in her children and yet more in her children's children. We can see a brighter day dawning, and we have a firm belief that 'ere long the sun will arise. JESSIE J. HOGG, P. M. I.

CAIRO, EGYPT,
Feb. 15, 1896.

ON Saturday morning, Jan. 25, we left Cairo by the morning train. After a little over two hours we reached Wasta, from which place a branch road runs across about twenty miles of desert to the Fayoum, which is really an oasis in the desert. In an other hour we were in Madeenet, where thirty years ago we

first started house-keeping and the study of the Arabic. Here we were met by a number of friends, some of whom, now middle aged men, had been pupils in our school. Another half hour brought us to Sinoris, where we had lived from Jan. '70 to June '75, years that we reckon among the most pleasant and useful of our lives. Soon after we left in '75 for our first return to America, Rev. S. Hanna is settled there as pastor.

It is always a pleasure for us to go back, as we often do, for the first communion of the year. The congregation is one of the most prosperous in Egypt, and in some respects would put to shame congregations in more enlightened countries. They number about one hundred and fifty. Last year they paid their pastor's salary and spent $250 in enlarging their church by putting in a gallery and repainting it. They gave $35 to help those who were "burned out," besides smaller sums to differents objects. I noticed that when the collection bag passed round, almost every one gave something. There were thirty-two received into the church last year.

On Saturday evening, after church services, two women came in to see the pastor. I knew they were both church members, and wondered why they were so anxious. The women in Egypt select the wives for their sons. Each of these two women had a son of marriageable age, and had selected the same girl, which, when found out, had led to hard feelings and talk. But they could not partake of the Lord's supper without being reconciled to each other. They went away feeling happy that they were again sisters, in love as well as by law.

The pastor is loved, respected and consulted by many who are not in the church, and his influence is for good, not only in Sinoris, but in the surrounding villages. The church is a neat building, dedicated to the service of God nearly twenty years ago, and built partly by contributions from friends in America, who, had they heard the prayers of thankfulness that God had sent His word among them, would have felt repaid for the help given.

Mrs. Elizabeth Patterson, who has lately gone to her reward, gave $30 toward the building. The body of our little Annie Lee, laid away two weeks before the dedication, rests just outside the northeast corner of the church. The village of Sinoris has sent more pupils, I believe, boys and girls, to the schools in Assyoot and Cairo than any other village of its size, and they are no disgrace to their native places. May God spare their pastor long to go in and out among them, and be the means of bringing many into the kingdom of Christ.

HENRIETTA M. HARVEY.

FOREIGN NEWS BUDGET.

BY MS. MARY B. REID.

Miss Carrie M. Buchanan, who for sometime has collected and forwarded the Egyptian news items, craves indulgence from the readers of the MAGAZINE for the small amount of matter furnished this month. A brief abstract from an accompanying letter shows just cause and excuse for any remissness on her part. She writes:

I fear that I am a little late with Budget news, but we have had so much excitement of late, in connection with big weddings and the coming Association meeting, as to make writing almost impossible. Our house has been, and is still, full of guests. Among others we have with us Mr. and Mrs. Nichol from Luxor. As they were on the way down, Mr. Nichol coming to attend meeting of

Presbytery and Association, Mrs. Nichol was taken ill with fever, and is still quite sick. One of the girls in school is also sick with fever, requiring constant attention. An added care to the missionaries has been a young English gentleman, who being very ill was removed from one of the tourist steamers at this point. All these things, in addition to the regular work, has kept every one here more than busy.

Miss Buchanan's special item for the Budget is as follows:

At last the great Wissa weddings are over. For about a year they have been the one absorbing topic of conversation here. Instead of the weather, or questions in regard to health, the common question has been, "When is the wedding to be?" But all is over now, and I am sure you must be wondering what there is about this wedding, or these weddings, to excite so much interest. It is because the families are of such prominence, standing second to the royal family in social position and wealth.

Miss Minnehaha Finney gives news from Monsourah as follows:

If any of the readers of the MAGAZINE should happen to step in upon the missionaries at the different stations at this time of the year, they would doubtless find the majority of us engaged in what might be called reviews for examinations. This would be literally true of those of us who are still on the list of new missionaries, as you doubtless know we are subject to the indignity of an examination in Arabic once a year for three years. In the case of the other missionaries the "review for examination" takes a different form. The counting up of columns and columns of figures on the debt and credit sides of a ledger is not often thought of as being a part of missionary work, but it is. So, my dear young ladies, you who are looking forward to becoming principals of girls' schools, or missionaries' wives, you must see to it that you are quick at figures. Figures here bring many important things to light, and by them the progress of our work is shown.

As I am especially interested in the work among the women and girls in this district, I will mention a few figures about it. The girls' school has been making steady progress every month during the year. In the months of November and December 113 pupils were in regular attendance, while last year the attendance was less than a 100 during any one month. Among the women taking lessons from the Bible women, the number has nearly doubled, there being this year 80 or 90 against 40 or 50 last year. The girls' school at Mahalla has also made a wonderful growth. The present enrollment is 73, and best of all, this school which was only started last year has become nearly self-supporting. The assistant teacher of this school also finds time to instruct a few women. As will be seen good progress is being made, but still there is a great need for more and better workers. If I may express my own opinion, there is great need for more young ladies from America to to this work.

INDIA ITEMS.

It is not often that we are favored with notes from Miss Elizabeth Gordon, the oldest missionary in either of our foreign fields. Forty-two years is a long period of service for any one, and to her justly belongs the honored title, "veteran missionary." Miss Gordon writes of work at Bhera as follows:

On Nov. 16, we started out to see how the mission work of Bhera was getting on. Bhera is an important field, but as it is some eighty miles distant from Jhelum, we are a little apt to neglect it. The city alone has a population of 20,000, and is twice the size of this place.

We have there a small church building, in a side room of which Miss Morgan, Dr. Johnson's assistant, meets and treat her patients. It will be remembered that the comfortable and well arranged medical quarters in this place, secured through the kindness of Government officers, were all washed away in the great flood some two years ago; so there is no dispensary building here now. Very near the church, however, there is a small dwelling-house occupied by Miss Morgan, and a cousin, Miss Aldridge, who helps with the house-keeping and everything else. These two women are the only English persons living in Bhera. The mission work is largely carried on by two native Christian evangelists with their families. Beside conducting Sabbath-school and prayer-meeting, preaching services are held in the city and surrounding villages. A women's prayer-meeting, also a Missionary Society, have been established, the meetings of which are held in Miss Morgan's house.

My niece, Ella Gordon, who has charge of zenana work there, went out with Mrs. Peterson, the Bible reader, and saw something of the work among the women of the city and surrounding villages. This is one of the recent interesting incidents of Bhera work. The doctor was asked to visit the wife of a high class Mohammedan who had been ill for several months. Being a purdah woman, she did not like to be brought to the dispensary; so Miss Morgan kindly consented to see her in her own home. The husband became much interested, and either went to see the doctor, or wrote to her every day. The writing was in most gracious, flowery oriental type. Among other things he said he loved his wife as a Christian loves, and not as a Mohammedan. One day as we all went to see this woman, she asked the doctor to pray for her. The request was complied with, and the husband, relatives, and neighbors, who were sitting within hearing, all seemed much pleased with both the visit and the prayer. We will continue to pray that this woman may be healed, not only in body, but that her sin-sick soul may also be made well. The husband, whose name is Fazl Ilehi (meaning grace of God), still writes to the doctor, and says that he prays that she may long live to work other miracles of healing.

Mrs. W. T. Anderson sends notes from Zaferwal:

We are now out in the most distant from home part of our district, the part near the rivers, which we hope to do up before the rains come on. We get out here once a year, but are glad to find that progress has been made since our last visit, even though this section has enjoyed very little of our personal supervision.

How true it is that the character of a worker is seen in the work done. The head catechist here is a godly, earnest, prayerful man, ruling well his own house and family, and his influence is shown in all the villages over which he has charge. Though in the very centre of Salvation Army devastation, whose ungodly agents have used all sorts of covetous methods in gaining converts, we find very little harm has really been done, and we thank God and take courage.

A marriage has just taken place in our tent. When we were at Doda last year we came across a nice young man who had fallen into the very common sin of marrying a non-Christian wife. He was

suspended, and it was decreed that they should live separate until such time as the wife would become a Christian, thus acknowledging their sin before the world. Many do not care enough to submit, and these are first to comply with the requirement.

Inter-marriage with heathen is a very great hindrance in this country, where it is hard to live a consistent Christian life with all the help one can have. It seems very difficult to know just how simple to make our teaching, to have it accomplish the most good. At present we are giving our Christians instruction about prayer, teaching them two short prayers, one for worship and one for grace before meat; for while they promise upon baptism to pray daily, many have no idea how to pray in the right way. May God bless our work.

Mrs. D. Lytle writes from Pasrur:

I suppose others have written, how rejoiced and thankful we all were over the goodly number of missionaries who have come out to us. There is plenty of work for them and we would be glad to welcome as many more the coming year.

Since starting out in the district the weather has been most delightful for itinerating, and though rain is very much needed in all parts of the Punjab there has been very little yet, not enough to make the village roads impassible.

One of the new missionaries recently told me how happily disappointed she was to find so many home comforts in India. She had not expected to get any good butter from the time she reached here until her return home for the allotted furlough; but she has learned that most of us keep a cow, and that good butter can be made, though it is churned in a wide mouthed bottle.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

Program.

By Mrs. Fannie C. Dean.

Some suggestions for program for Junior Missionary Societies for May. Devotions arranged by leader.

1.—A short history of the Anglo-Saxons, or our Ancestors.
2.—Something of their heathen worship,
3.—Effects supposed to have been made on them by Christian soldiers in Cæsar's army.
4.—Missionaries sent to them.
5.—Bible answers to missionary questions found in March Magazine.
6.—Recitation, Missionary Egg.
Reference.—Letter to Junior Missionary Society by Dr. McClurkin.

Augustine's Mission to the Angles and Saxons in Britain.

In the year 596 Pope Gregory I sent the monk, Augustine, with a band of forty companions, to teach the Christian faith in Britain. Gregory had become interested in the inhabitants of that remote region in the following way. One day, some years before his elevation to the papal chair, he was passing through the slave-market at Rome, and noticed there some English captives, whose fair features awakened his curiosity respecting them. Inquiring of what nation they were, he was told that they were called Angles. "Right," said he, "for they have an angelic face, and it becomes such to become co-heirs with the angels in heaven." A little while afterwards he was elected Pope. and still mindful of the incident of the slave-market, he sent to the Angles the embassy to which we have alluded.

The monks were favorably received by the English, who listened attentively to the story the strangers had come to tell them, and being persuaded that the tidings were true, they burned the temples of Woden and Thor, and were in large numbers baptized in the Christian faith.

A Missionary Egg.

A good friend of the Magazine, Mrs. E. Y. Gordon, of Lordsburg, California, sends the following recitation, thinking it may be helpful in some "egg-breaking" exercise.

The egg should be about the size of an ostrich egg, one of the large eggs sent out usually with the smaller ones used by the bands. A large slit painted black represents "the mouth" displayed toward the audience. A little tot (dressed in white) holds the egg while the speaker discourses on the character of *the* egg. Some accompanying chord may be sounded very lightly while the eggs are "chimed."

This egg's no mistake! Tho' not made to be eaten,
For the purpose it was made it cannot be beaten.
It's mouth, as you see, is not pretty, but handy
To eat up the money we might eat in candy.
'Tis a musical egg! Hear how sweetly it chimes.
(Children all shake the eggs.)
As it rings out the changes in nickles and dimes,
And quarters and fifties (of the latter not many).

But no music's more sweet than a good jingling penny
We've cheerfully earned by such honest means
As rocking the baby, shelling peas, 'stringing' beans,
Weeding flower beds, and churning, or, when mother wishes,
Gladly running on errands or washing the dishes.
Now I'll tell you a secret, of course you won't tell:
Some time pretty soon this hard yellow shell
Will quickly burst open. What a fine sight we'll see then,—
All our pennies and nickles and dimes "for the heathen."
Then we'll say, "What an egg! It cannot be beaten,"
And, 'Oh, aren't you glad 'twas not made to be eaten?"

OUR JUNIOR MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

MRS. N. WYLIE STEVENSON, GENERAL SECRETARY.

Important Notice.

Junior blanks for annual reports are now, we believe, in the hands of every Junior superintendent in the church. If not notify the general secretary of Junior work at once. We do not want to miss one society. Sixteen presbyterial societies failed to make any report last year, but we are expecting better things this year.

We know that a great many Junior missionary societies have been organized during the past year, judging from the reports that have come to the Junior secretary, and that increased interest is manifested. We hope for great results from the Junior parliament at the annual convention at Erie. We want every delegate to come prepared to tell us, in a two minute talk, some of the best things about the Junior work in her presbytery.

Our Ancestors in Heathen Times.

Letter from DR. J. K. MCCLURKIN.

DEAR CHILDREN:—I send you this letter because I have been asked to write about our ancestors in the days of heathenism. As this subject takes us backward many hundred years, and as I have with me in my library a number of old friends who know a great deal about ancient heathen times, I will just ask them some questions as to what happened in those early days, and will tell you what they say. As I listen to their words I find that they talk a great deal about certain Christian missionaries in England, who had come from Rome in Italy. They also speak very often about an Irishman, named Columba, who worked in Scotland, and about a Scotchman, named Patrick, who worked in Ireland. As these very wise friends talk, I gather these facts; first about,

ENGLAND.

Some of them say that christianity entered England six or eight years after the resurrection of Jesus, so speedily did the Christians carry the glad tidings in those early days. Another has just remarked that the Apostles themselves passed beyond the ocean to the British isles and preached the gospel. From all that is said, it is safe to conclude that by the close of the 2nd centnry the gospel of Jesus had taken root in Britain. But in 449 the Anglo Saxons from the continent of Europe made an invasion into Britain and conquered the country. These new comers were heathen, and so christainity almost ceased to exist in Britain for 150 years.

Just at this point, nearly all my old friends are speaking of a very beautiful event that happened in the slave market in Rome, to which some of the young Anglo Saxon heathen had been carried as slaves, mention of which is made elsewhere. The result was that in 597 A. D. forty missionaries, under the leadership of Augustine, landed in Britain and began the work of converting the heathen. In this effort they met with marked success. On one occasion when the heathen king was hesitating between paganism and christianity, he called together his wise men to decide. One of these counsellors uttered these wise and beautiful words, which helped to lead the king and his people to the right decision:

"The present life of man on earth, O King, seems like the swift flight of a sparrow through the room where you sit at supper in the winter. The sparrow flies in at one door and immediately out at another. While he is within he is safe from the wintry storm, but he soon passes out of your sight into the darkness from which he had emerged. So this life of man appears for a short space, but if what went before or of what is to follow we are utterly ignorant. If therefore christianity gives us some light, it deserves to be followed."

SCOTLAND.

Just at this point one of my ancient friends reminds me that in the very year in which these Christian missionaries came to Britain a good Christain man died in Scotland. (579 A. D.) He was so much like the loving Apostle John, that

they changed his name to Columba, which means a dove. Like the Apostle John he had a home on an island, John being on the Island of Patmos, and Columba on that of Iona. Along with twelve of his pupils he left his native country of Ireland, and sailing away in a skiff of wicker work covered with hides, they became missionaries for Christ in Iona, on the west coast of Scotland. The island became the center of Columba's missionary operations. Here he built a shelter for such converts as might desire to lead a truer Christian life than they could among their heathen friends. Columba was so successful as a gospel missionary that he won the hearts of the king and the nation, and was the means of converting the entire north of Scotland. On this account he is called the Apostle of Caledonia. Columba highly prized and dearly loved his Bible. He spent much time in transcribing it for the people, for in those days the pen had to do the work of the printing press.

On the day before Columba died he went out to a little hill overlooking his island home and lifting up his hands he pronounced upon it a parting blessing. Then going into his house he kept on transcribing the Psalms. The last sentence he wrote was this, "They that seek the Lord shall not lack any good thing." The bell rang for prayers. He went into the church to join in the worship and at one step he passed through the gateway of death into the church above.

[CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.]

What Some Societies Are Doing.

The first of September we thought we would try systematic giving. Enough small envelopes were given each Junior to last for three months. I am glad to report the plan entirely successful. The collections at once trebled, and sometimes more than quadrupled what they were by our former plan—giving as they thought of it. Now, we are not troubled with the old cry—"Teacher, I forgot my money," ROSE D. PATTERSON,
1st Church, New Concord, O.

Am very much encouraged with our Juniors. They helped the ladies to send a barrel of clothing to Miller's Ferry and one to Henderson. They came with their packages one Saturday afternoon and assisted the ladies in many ways. We have sent five dollars to the treasurer for the Memorial building and have five dollars to send this month. We are trying with God's help to make them willing workers for Christ. Sincerely Yours,
MARTHA K. LITTELL,
131 14th St., Wheeling, W. Va.

The Junior missionary society, of Le Claire, Ia., gave a very pleasant entertainment New Year's eve. This society is composed of girls and boys who range in age from twelve to eighteen. The entertainment consisted of music. recitations and missionary exercises in costume. Ten cents admission was charged at the door, from which was realized $13. Eleven months previous twenty dimes were given to members of the society to invest, and the result of these was $50. Some of the ways by which these talents were made to increase was by raising chickens and pop-corn, and by making sweeping caps, aprons, mittens, etc. We have decided to pay $25 a year towards the support of a young lady missionary in India. $20 was given to Home Missions. We hope to organize a younger division of the boys and girls as soon as the cold weather is over, as it is difficult to get the children of a country congregation together during the winter months. The meetings will then be held on Sabbath. Our Junior Society meets now the third Saturday of each month. LEADER.

EDITORIAL.

What has come to be an "annual meeting of the various Boards of Foreign Missions of Evangelical churches in this country and Canada," was held recently in New York. Twenty-three societies were represented. Among the topics treated were "Studies of Missions in Theological Seminaries"; "Unmarried Missionaries"; "Self-support in Mission Fields"; "Discriminating use of Mission Funds in Maintaining a Growing Work"; "How to Increase the Efficiency of Missionaries in the Fields"; "How to Increase the Efficiency of the Members of the Missionary Boards." The papers and discussions were of a most thorough character and gave evidence of the careful methods employed by the Mission Boards.

For the paper and discussion on "How to Increase the Efficiency of the Officers of Foreign Mission Boards" we are indebted to Dr. W. W. Barr, our esteemed secretary of the Foreign Board.

We quote a paragraph which is a key to the excellent paper and the discussion which followed:

"The conduct of modern missions has grown to be a science, and has all the elements of a conquest. The efficiency of the Missionary Secretary, to whom is largely entrusted the responsibility of carrying on the work, will be increased by giving him time to study the one, and facilities for prosecuting the other. An enterprise, which though sometimes buried out of sight, can show a continuity of eighteen centuries has wrapped up in it principles and possibilities which call for deepest thought and widest consideration. Moreover, there are problems presenting themselves at

the very threshold of the Secretarial office which demand solution; problems in polity, administration and finance; questions concerning the complete occupation of the field abroad, and the awakening of a missionary conscience at home; the creation of a constituency in the church; the development of a missionary pastorate; the training of candidates, and last but not least, personal growth in piety and spiritual power."

Miss Martha W. Davidson, secretary Rock Island Presbyterial society, writes that a Woman's Missionary society has been organized in Pleasant Unity congregation. This makes the third organization in that presbytery since April 1st, 1895—the beginning of our society year.

The Annual Meeting.

"And I will pour upon the house of David and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem the spirit of grace and supplication."—Zechariah 12. 10.

"The church is slow to learn that whenever a spirit of grace and supplication is not first poured out, no other blessing of a permanent sort ever follows;" but it is one of God's primary lessons. He will be enquired of and recognized as the source of all blessing. No human agency, plans or enterprise will prove effectual, no matter how seeming the success, or showy the enthusiasm, without the propelling force which comes from the invisible presence of the great Master of assemblies. If every step in the preparation for this annual meeting has been taken in waiting dependence upon God, the reward will be great and sure, and we are safe in predicting that the sessions will be characterized by a spirituality, calmness, freedom from intrusive an d ambitious self-seeking, wise forethought and a discreet and skillful management such as has not been surpassed by any previous meeting. Let unceasing prayer go up to God for the annual meeting, its officers, delegates and visitors.

We gladly give place to the following, although we think the secretary's report was clear:

It seems that there is some question as to the meaning of an amendment to the by-laws of Allegheny Presbyterial, mentioned in the report of its last fall meeting; some have understood that the two delegates which it is proposed to select from to the number to which the Presbyterial is entitled on the basis of one delegate to five auxiliaries.

To any who have so understood, please allow me to say that the amendment in full, of which very brief mention, only, could be made within the limits of the report, states explicitly that it is "the first two to which the presbyterial is entitled." No presbyterial would have a right to send even one more delegate than it was entitled to by the number of its auxiliaries. Very Respectfully,

JENNIE B. WALLACE,
Rec. Sec. Allegheny Presbyterial.

Sewickley, Pa., March 14, 1896.

Thank-offering Essays.

The many women of the church who are at heart deeply interested in everything pertaining to our "Thank-offering Work," will no doubt be anxiously watching for a report of the result of the advertisement last month by the Woman's Board, in the WOMAN'S MAGAZINE and church papers, for a prize essay on the subject of Thank-offerings. Your secretary is glad to report that *eighty-one* essays have been received, hailing from Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, Oregon, Kansas, Georgia, Nebraska, Pennsylvania. New York, Missouri, Indiana, Maryland, West Virginia, Colorado, Michigan and Canada.

The writers are women, men, boys and girls, ranging in age from twelve and sixteen years up.

All the essays are good and reflect much credit on the writers. Each one has its own individual merits. The entire number (with names of writers withheld) will be read by a committee appointed by the Women's Board, which will decide to whom the prize of $5.00 shall be awarded.

The prize essay will be published in time to be placed on sale at the meeting of the Women's General Missionary Society at Erie, Pa., next May. From the

remaining eighty essays, extracts will be taken from month to month, for publication the in WOMEN'S MAGAZINE.

Every woman in the church who is not already a subscriber to our WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MAGAZINE, published at Xenia, Ohio, at 60 cents per year, should at once order it, and thus have an opportunity to enjoy the clippings from the large number of excellent essays competing for the prize.

MRS. MARY CLOKEY PORTER,
Thank-offering Secretary of Women's Board.

Notice to Delegates and Others

Attending the Woman's General Missionary Convention to meet in Erie, Pa., May 12–14.

Reduced fare on the certificate plan has been granted by the Central Traffic and Trunk Line Associations, which include the territory extending from the west line of Cook County, Illinois, the Illinois and Mississippi rivers from Burlington, Iowa to Cairo, Ill. On the south by the Ohio river, including points on either side of that river to all points east except New England. On the north by the line of,and including points on, the Grand Trunk Railway from Toronto to Port Huron.

It is doubtful if the reduction can be secured on the Western Lines Passenger Association, as we are unable to certify that 100 delegates will come from their territory.

Ladies, therefore, west of Chicago and St. Louis and in New England, will purchase ordinary tickets to the nearest points of the territory named, and there buy *tickets on the certificate plan.* Inquiry should be made previously, and if certificates cannot be obtained at home station, the agent will tell the nearest point where they can be obtained.

Reduction on Central Traffic to all those paying 75 cents and upwards for their going journey, being careful to get the railroad certificate

Neither ticket nor *certificate* is transferable.

Going tickets can be purchased three days before the convention opens and returning tickets can be purchased within three days of the closing of the convention, Sabbath not counted one of the days.

Further information given in church papers. Ladies will be very careful to get certificates from the agent, otherwise no reduction can be granted.

The Southern States Passenger Association concur in the reduced rates on certificate plan; territory not yet received.

ELIZABETH D. BROWN,
R. R. Secretary,
Craft Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

Notice.

The time for the next annual meeting of the Women's General Missionary society is nearing. All delegates, officers, members of the Woman's Board and Magazine Committee, life members and missionaries, who have business with the society, are requested to send their names and addresses at once, that they may be assigned places of entertainment, and be sent notices of the same. Promptness will greatly oblige. Arrangements have been made with the hotels whereby visitors may obtain boarding at $1.00 and $1.25 per day. Address Mrs. J. C. Wilson, Chr. Ex. Com. 127 East Eighth St., Erie, Pa.

Leaflets.

Two new leaflets have been recently added to our list: "The Freedmen, "Questions and Answers," by Rev. J. M. Fulton; price 2 cents each, 20 cents per doz., will be found specially helpful in conducting Junior missionary societies. "Best Ideas for Mission Bands," containing many valuable sug-

gestions for leaders. Price 5 cents each, 36 cents per dozen.

"Life and Work in India," by Rev. Robt. Stewart, may be ordered through this Committee, if desired; also from the the Pearl Publishing Co., 15 N. 7th St., Phila.; Geo. R. Stewart, 708 Penn Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.; D. R. Johnston, M. D., Aledo, Ill.; S. F. Stewart, 517 W. Locust-st, Des Moines, Ia.; R. E. Stewart 4223 Burdette St., Omaha, Neb.; or the author, Dr. Robert Stewart, Box 364, St. Clairsville, O. Price, one copy, $2.00; 2, ordered together, $3,50; 5, $8.00; 10, $15.00; 20, $28.00; with 21 cents a copy extra for postage, unless ordered by express, which is often cheaper.

LITERATURE COMMITTEE,
409 Morewood Ave.,
Pittsburg, Pa.

Programme---Women's General Missionary Society---Erie, Pa., May 12---14, 1896.

TUESDAY, 7.45 P. M.

Mrs. Rev. Arney S. Biddle, 1st V. President, presiding. Devotional Exercises.

8:00—Address of welcome; Miss Pollock, Erie.

8:10—Response in behalf of officers and delegates; Mrs. Biddle.

8:15—Response in behalf of our foreign missionaries; Mrs. Adella Brown Ashenhurst.

8:20—Response in behalf of our home missionaries; Miss Minnie H. Speer, Chicago, Ill.

8:25—President's address; announcements; roll-call; reception.

WEDNESDAY, 9 A. M.

Devotional exercises; Miss M. Pressly, 2nd Vice President.

9:15—Report of committee on credentials; roll-call; minutes; submit programme; appointment o committees.

9:50—Report of secretary of Women's General Missionary Society.

10:00—Report of treasurer of Women's General Missionary Society.

10:10—Report of secretary of Women's Board.

10:20—Report of treasurer of Women's Board.

10:30—Report of standing committees: training school, &c., &c.

10:40—Report discussed.

10:50—Report of Literature secretary.

11:00—Report discussed.

11:10—Report of secretary of Foreign Missions.

11:30—Report discussed.

11:45—Address by Miss McKown and presentation of foreign missionaries.

12:30—Adjourn.

WEDNESDAY 1:45 P. M.

Devotional exercises; Mrs. Rev. T. F. B. Smith, Lake presbytery.

2:00—Minutes.

2:05—Conference, Systematic and Proportionate tithe-giving.

2:15—1. The Authority; Mrs. R. S. Finley, Xenia presbytery.

2:20—2. The Benefit; Mrs. Rev. A. S. Vincent, Central Illinois presbytery.

2:30—General discussion.

2:40—Report of Magazine committee.

2:55—Report discussed.

3:05—Offering.

3:10—Report of secretary of Church Extension and Parsonage Fund.,

3:25—Report discussed.

3:40—Report of United Presbyterian Women's Association.

4:10—Report of secretary of Home Missions.

4:40—Report discussed.

4:50—Address by Home Missionary, Miss Minnie H. Speer: Woman's Work for Christ.

WEDNESDAY 7:45 P. M.

Devotional exercises; Mrs. Rev. G. G. Wilson, Monmouth presbytery.

8:00—Thank-offering service; Mrs. Rev. Geo. W. MacDonald, Allegheny, Pa.

9:00—Question box; Mrs. M. Jennie Stevenson, Westmoreland presbytery.

9:20—Adjourn.

THURSDAY 9 A. M.

Devotional exercises.

9:15—Roll-call; minutes.

9:30—Report of Thank-offering secretary.

9:45—Report discussed.

10:00—Report of secretary of Freedmen's Work.

10:20—Report discussed.

10:30—Address by Miss Cleland, Chase City, Va.

11.00—Report of Committee on nomination and place of meeting; election of officers and members of Women's Board.

12:30—Adjourn.

THURSDAY, 1:45 P. M.

Devotional exercises; Miss Margaret Pollock Philadelphia presbytery.

2:00—Minutes.

2:10—Report of committee on memorials.

2:20—Report discussed.

2:45—Business.

3:15—Open Parliament: Junior Work; Mrs. N. Wylie Stevenson, secretary of Junior Work.

4:00—Question box; Mrs. M. Jennie Stevenson.

THURSDAY, 7:45 P. M.

Devotional exercises.

8:00—Junior hour with Juniors present,

9:00—Offering.

9:05—Unfinished business; minutes.

9:20—Report of committee on resolutions.

9:30—The convention of '96: "What has it been to me? Farewell,

STUDIES FOR MISSIONARY SOCIETIES FOR 1896.

MAY.—The Development of the Anglo-Saxon Race and its Obligation to Missions.
JUNE.—Incidents of Mission Work and Lessons to be drawn from them.
JULY.—Temperance, Its relation to Mission Work.
AUGUST.—The School as a Missionary Force.
SEPTEMBER.—Advance in our Foreign Work in the Past Year.
OCTOBER.—Advance in our Home Work in the Past Year.
NOVEMBER.—Work Among the Freedmen and Indians.
DECEMBER.—A Century of Missionary Effort.

Program for May.

Subject.—The Development of the Anglo-Saxon Race and its Obligation to Missions.

Opening Psalm.—Bible Songs No., 141.
Prayer.
Scripture Selection, read successively by different persons at request of leader: Job 5:25-27; Luke 12: 47, 48; Hebrews 10: 23 24; Luke 16: 13; Haggai 1: 4-7; John 3: 14-17; Hebrews 13: 20, 21.
Psalm 67; 1-5; Bible Songs No., 88.
Paper—Origin and Development of the Anglo Saxon Race.
Paper—Anglo-Saxon supremacy, and obligation to Missions.
Roll Call.
Business.
Close by repeating Lord's prayer in concert.
References—"*Missionary Review of the world*," Oct., and Nov., 1894. "Our Country," by Rev. Josiah Strong; "Druids," in Magazine for Feb 1891.

The next act in the world's drama will be played by the Anglo-Saxon race. .. At present the field is clear for Anglo-Saxon supremacy. The English-speaking race is the most prolific on earth. Its colonization is unequaled for numbers, for loyalty, and for promise of development... These people distribute more than two-thirds of the Bibles and Testaments published. And it is claimed the literature of the Anglo-Saxon race is the purest.... The federation of the scattered Anglo-Saxons on the Globe is not impossible, and if it could be secured it would prove an immense advantage to every interest of humanity... If ever there was a sacred duty laid upon the followers of Christ, it is, by every possible influence, and through every available opportunity, to seek to bind in one federation of humane and generous service of the weaker nations of the earth the scattered forces of this highly favored race, and to make this federation a bulwark for righteousness, and justice, and honesty, and truth, in all international relations the world over.

The above excerpts are from "Anglo-Saxon Supremacy," in "The Outlook" for March.

MRS. R. S. FINLEY.

REPORTS, Etc.

Monthly Report Women's Board.

Two meetings of the Board of Directors were held this month—the regular monthly meeting March 3, and an adjourned meeting March 10; both well attended, the entire new directory being present at the regular meeting.

Foreign secretary reports having written 26 letters and received 35 to 40 during the month, 12 of latter from India; reports volunteers, both men and women for the foreign work, and one for the medical work.

Home secretary reports from Miss Maud McIntyre, of San Jose, who gives account of the classes and a social at the mission. Miss Kerr, of Oakland, Cal., reports a thank-offering of $11.55 and a missionary tea. Miss Burnett was appointed to fill the unexpired time of two months at Kansas City, Mo. Miss Minnie H. Speer reports having made 254 calls during the month. Some changes contemplated at Warm Springs Agency.

Freedmen's secretary reports from the agricultural work at Prairie Bluff. De-

tails not ready for publication as yet.

Junior secretary presented the constitution prepared for the Young Ladies division of Junior missionary societies. Referred to a committee.

Thank-offering secretary reported 78 answers to prize essay advertisement. A resolution was adopted, "That the treasurer be ordered to publish, in all the church papers and MAGAZINE, that all contributions intended for the thank-offering of 1896 must be in hands of the treasurer of the society during the month of May; that all money received afterward will be credited to the ensuing year."

It was also decided, in order to lessen the work of the general treasurer, that the Board of Directors request treasurers of auxilliary societies to *omit cents* in reporting and remitting money to their presbyterial treasurers.

Blanks for the annual reports have been mailed to presbyterial secretaries. Those failing to receive will confer a favor by notifying *at ouce* the general secretary, MRS. MARY W. PORTER.

Boston, Allegheny Co., Pa.

Treasurer's Report.

Receipts for the month of February, 1896.

Foreign.—1st Washington, Ia., Y. L. M. S., 10; 1st Santa Ana, 15; 1st Los Angeles, 16; 1st Des Moines, 6.95; Warnock, O., 5; Brownsville, 5; Loveland, 6; Oil City, 11; Hookstown, 9; Brookville Pres., 15; Plain Grove, 9.45; Paxton to India, 10; Oakland, Frankfort Pres., 9; 6th Pittsburgh, 50; Mt. Pleasant, Westmoreland Pres. —

Foreign Specials—Greeley, Colo., Y. P. S. C. E., pupil Sialkot, 6.25; 2nd New Wilminton, Bible Reader India, 37.50; 2nd New Wilmington Mission Band, pupil Sialkot, 13; 1st Chicago Primary Department, for little boys and girls in Egypt, 5; 4th Allegheny L. M. and Benev. Soc., Bible Reader, Gujranwala, India, 100; Hebron, Ind., Y. P. C. U, 5; Hebron Sabbath-school, 5, and Sabbath-school class of Mrs. L. E. Davis, Hebron, Ind., 10, all for pupil Asyoot; Scroggsfield, Bible Reader, India, 66; Baltimore, zenana, India, 9, and zenana, Egypt, 10; Pittsburgh, Shadyside Missionary Society, pupil Sialkot, 25.

Hospital Work, India.—2nd Pittsburgh, 5.

Foreign Salaries.—Miss C. E. Wilson, Keokuk Pres., 22.50; Des Moines Pres., 65; Miss Lawrence, Arkansas Valley Pres., 16.56; Miss Logan, Indiana Pres., 5; Miss Corbett, Brookville Pres., 32; Miss Smith, Garnett Pres., 5; Miss Fannie Martin, Conemaugh Presbyterial Society of O. Y. P. C. U., 125; Miss McCahon. Chartiers Pres., 57.50.

Home Mission and Salaries.—Argyle Pres., 25; Richland, 6.20; Rushville, 5.56; Indianola Juniors, 5; Warnock, 5; Brownsville, 4.45; Oil City, 11; Hookstown, 3; Olathe, 9; Americus, 5; Sewickly Dorcas Soc., 5; 8th Allegheny, 10; College Springs Y. W. M. S., for Training School, Xenia. 20; College Springs Y. W. M. S., 5; Paxton, 7; Mansfield, 12; Mansfield Y. L. Soc., 4; Oakland, Frankfort Pres., 9; Pittsburgh Shadyside for Good Hope Mission, Pittsburgh, Pa., 50; McKeesport, Aftermath Soc., 5; Mt. Pleasant, Westmoreland Pres., 10; Elizabeth, 10; Mt. Pleasant, Chartiers Pres., 25; Mt. Prospect, 12.

Warm Springs Indians—Richmond, Kan., 5; 2nd Jersey City O. Y. P. C. U., 12.25; Monong' Pres., 80.

Freedmen's and Salaries.—3rd Pittsburgh, 25; Dress Making Department, Knoxville College, 15.20; Spring Hill, 5; Carmel, 15.25; Brownsville, 5; Hookstown, 9; 4th Allegheny Y. L. A. S., 50; 1st Allegheny L. H. M. S. to Summerfield to buy shoes, 15; Salineville, 5; Mansfield, 12; Pittsburgh 33rd street, 5: 2nd Pittsburgh, 8; Turtle Creek, 28; Mt. Pleasant, Westmoreland Pres., 3; Pigeon Creek, 1; North Buffalo, 20; 1st Washington, Pa., 15; 2nd Washington, Pa., 10.

Prairie Bluff, Ala., Memorial.—Homestead Jr. Soc., 7; Shushan Junior Soc., 10; Centerville Juniors, 5; Salem, Young Helpers Junior M. S., 10; Braddock Juniors, 15.

Little Girls' Home, Knoxville, Tenn.—3rd Pittsburgh Junior Soc., 55; 4th Allegheny Y. L. A. S., 25; Shannon City, 5.

Church Extension and Parsonage.—Mt. Washington, second payment on note 1, 50; Indianola, 5; Brownsville, 5; Oakland, Cal., second payment on note 1, 69.38; Colorado Springs L. M. S., on loan, 6.25; Sewickly, Dorcas Soc., 5; Findlay, O., on loan, 52; 1st East Liverpool, 14; 3rd Pittsburgh, 10; 2nd Washington, Pa. 10; N. Buffalo Willing Workers, 5.

Ministerial Relief.—Monroe, 5; Mt. Pleasant, Westmoreland Pres., 10.

Orphan's Home, Allegheny.—2nd New Wilmington M. Band, 2; Pigeon Creek, 1; Venice, 12.15.

Memorial Hospital, Allegheny.—1st Wilkinsburg Junior Soc., 5.

Pittsburgh Syrian Mission.—Salary, 45; rent of rooms, 9; incidentals, 4; all by Monongahela Presbyterial Society.

Contingent Fund.—Interest from investments, 37.50; Westmoreland Presbyterial, 5.

In the treasurer's report for month of January credit should be given to Arkansas Valley Presbytery for $57.25 on salary of Miss Lawrence, and not to Kansas City Presbytery. E. J. SLOAN, Treas.

IN MEMORIAM.

Mrs. Lillian Hutton Shaw.

The Woman's Missionary Society of the United Pres. Church, of Newark, N. J., offer the following tribute of love to the memory of our pastor's wife and fellow-worker in the cause of Christ, Lillian Hutton Shaw, who was called from this life February 7, 1896.

With her heart right with God, she lived a life of faith and practical godliness; for she fed the hungry, clothed the naked, helped the poor, relieved the suffering, and about the erring and wayward, folded the "mantle of charity" to shield and protect them. And here the Master's command comes to us, "Go and do thou likewise." Therefore be it,

Resolved 1, That we bow in humble submission to the will of our Heavenly Father, who has said, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter;" and

Whereas, her cheerful, kind words, wise counsel, faithfulness in duty and readiness to help, will be long remembered by, not only us but also by the hosts of families in and out of the church with whom she came in contact, be it

Resolved 2, That we as a society shall follow her example in working more zealously for Christ and His cause. Her memory shall always be dear to us as a guide, as she was a grand adviser and leader.

Resolved 3, That these resolutions be recorded in our minutes and a copy sent to her husband and mother, and also to the Missionary MAGAZINE for publication.

MRS. J. BAAS,
MRS. S. GILKENSON,
MRS. S. KILGOUR. } Com.

Miss Nellie A. Smith.

The Women's Missionary Society of Lower Chanceford, Pa., adopted the following resolutions in regard to the death of Miss Nellie A. Smith, who died Dec. 29th, 1895.

WHEREAS, our Heavenly Father, in his wisdom, has called home the youngest member of our society, therefore,

Resolved 1, That we bow in submission to the divine will, knowing that He doeth all things well.

Resolved 2, That while we miss her presence and bright, cheering words, we would learn the lesson from her patience and faith, to be more earnest and diligent in the Master's service, assured that our loss is her gain.

Resolved 3, That we tender our sympathties to her friends, especially to her father, bereft of the last of his family, commending them to the Saviour whom she loved.

MISS EZENNAH MAUGHLIN,
MRS. ANNA MILLER.

Mrs. Phoebe McKinnon.

A tribute of affection from the Ladies' Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian congregation, of Bellefontaine, O., to the memory of Mrs. Phoebe McKinnon, who died Jan. 22, 1896.

It hath pleased our Heavenly Father to call from our midst our beloved sister and colaborer in the Master's work, who by her tender sympathy and loving kindness had won the love and esteem of all who knew her. She was a devoted member of the Women's Missionary Society, and met with cheerful courage every undertaking and gave a generous response to every need.

We tender our love and sympathy to the bereaved ones, commending them to the loving Saviour, whom she loved and served.

MRS. FRANK DOWELL,
MRS. M. C. BOALS,
MRS. DOW AIKEN.

Mrs. M. R. Martin.

A tribute of respect from the L. M. S., of 2nd U. P. church, Sterling, Kansas, to the memory of Mrs. M. R. Martin, whose spirit passed to the unseen world on Jan. 3rd, 1896.

This is the first death which has occurred in the history of our society, a period of seven years. But it will not be the last one. Mrs. Martin, on account of ill-health, was not able to be in our meetings often, but she was much more than simply an enrolled member. She was interested in all the work of the society and contributed her sympathy and material aid to advance the kingdom of Christ.

We greatly miss her from our number, and would tenderly extend our sympathy to her family and friends, but at the same time rejoice in her promotion into the society of the redeemed in Heaven.

Let us trust, and watch, and pray, and work, for the time is short and the need is great.

MRS. M. B. TRAVER,
MRS. E. J. MCCARROLL, } Com.
MRS. C. H. STRONG.

Mrs. Margaret Gilespie Luney.

A tribute of love from the W. M. S. of Beaver Run congregation, in memory of Mrs. Margaret Gilespie Luney, who died Nov. 19, 1895.

Death has once again entered our ranks and called home one of our most earnest, intelligent and faithful workers; one whose place in the church was seldom vacant, and as one after another is taken from our midst, let us labor more earnestly in our Master's vineyard, so that when the "Master calleth for us," we may be ready.

We extend our sympathy to the bereaved husband in his sore trial and to all the friends, and commend them to Him who saith, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

MATTIE BREAKEY,
LIZZIE MEREDITH, } Com.
TILLIE K. FITCH.

Mrs. Margaret McClelland.

By the Women's Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church, Tingley, Iowa.

Our sister, Mrs. Margaret McClelland, having been called to higher service, we feel constrained to speak our appreciation of her worth.

In every department of the church's efforts she was an untiring worker; always present, when possible, in the meetings designed to promote the work. She especially seemed to feel her responsibility as a mother, and labored to train her children for God, all of whom, three in number, she had the joy of seeing enrolled in the church in youth.

Having obtained the assurance of her interest in Christ's salvation, she loved to tell to others the truths she was constantly gleaning by her careful study of the Word. We, as a society, *very much* miss her, but we trust that by her promotion, others may be induced to come up to fill the breach with as earnest, faithful effort, and that we may *all* be prompted to renewed earnestness in our Master's services, and that her husband and children may be continually comforted, sustained and directed by Him who alone can give true comfort, is our most earnest prayer.

COMMITTEE.

Miss Ella McMunn.

It was the will of our Heavenly Father to call from the W. M. S. of Washington, O., our sister and co-worker, Miss Ella McMunn. Her life had been despaired of by her friends and she was taken to Columbus, for treatment. From that place, on the evening of Feb. 19, 1896, as the sun was sinking in the golden west, casting a shadow over the capitol city, her spirit winged its flight to that great city above, not made with hands, leaving dear friends in the shadow of death.

We mourn, but feel assured that for her "to die is gain."

She spent her whole life in this congregation, with the exception of a few years with her brother, Rev. J. S. McMunn, on account of ill health. She was either president or vice-president of the society nearly ever since its organization.

Amiable, cheerful, patient, always ready to work for those around her and the Master, her aim apparently was to be good and to do good.

Her one desire to live was to care for her aged parents. But she neither murmured nor complained when she realized that the time had come for her to depart.

We most earnestly pray that God, by his divine grace and his infinite mercy, will sustain the aged parents and the loving brothers and sisters in their affliction.

COMMITTEE.

Mrs. Jane Verner Donald.

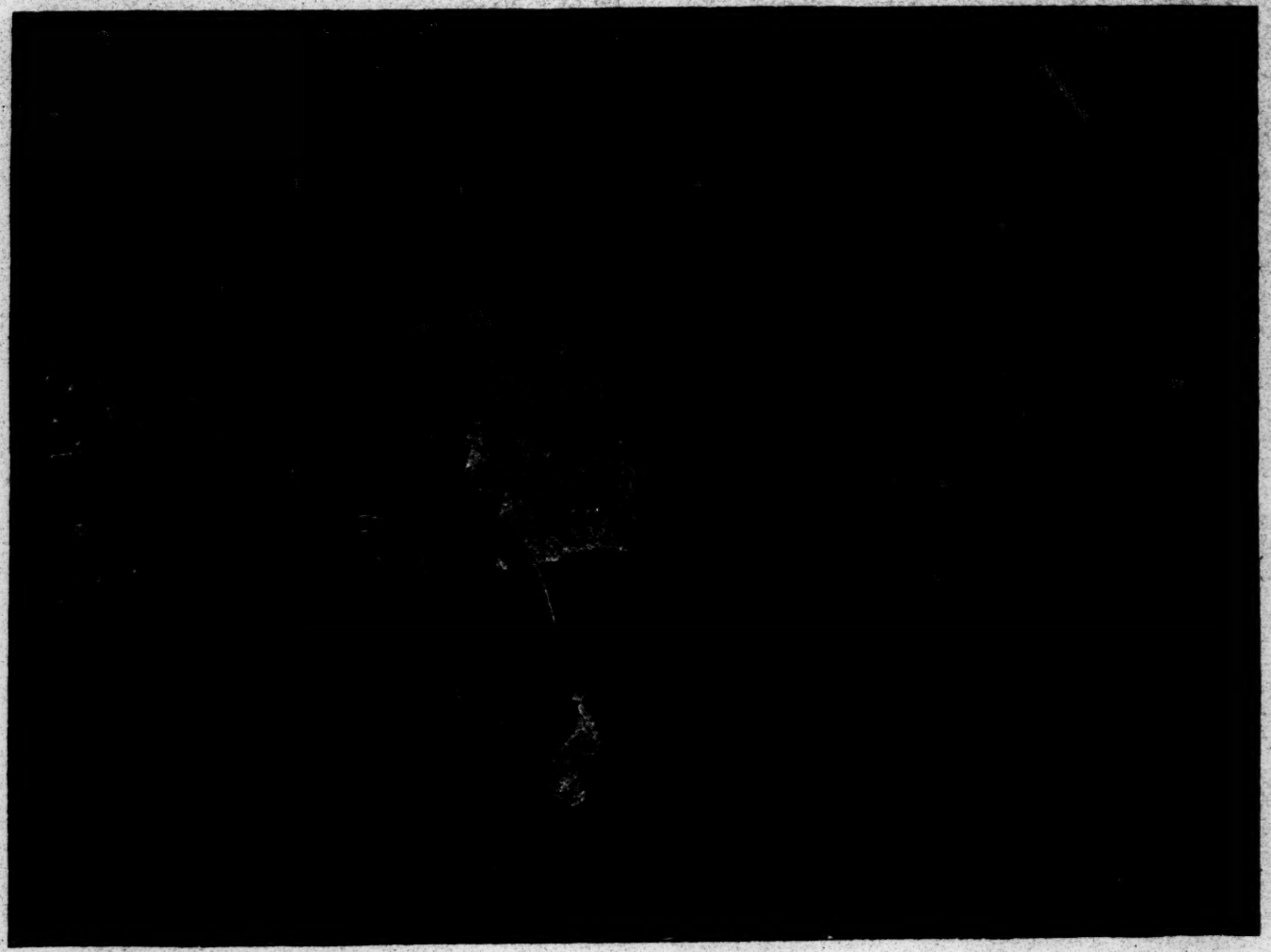
A tribute of respect from the Women's Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian church of Unity, Pa., to the memory of Mrs. Jane Verner Donald, who died October 28th, 1895.

God, who doeth all things well, has called another of our number home. We have bowed in humble submission to our Father's will. By this death He is saying unto us, "Be ye also ready for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh."

Truly she was a mother in Israel. She was a cheerful, quiet and unassuming Christian. Although not able, by reason of growing infirmity, to attend many of our meetings, yet her heart was with us, and she was ever ready to help in every good work.

We would hereby record our deep sense of the loss our society has sustained in the death of this our sister, and extend our heartfelt sympathies to the bereaved husband and children.

MRS. J. G. MCDOWELL,
MRS. WM. MCCOMB,
MRS. W. K. FULTON.



THE TUM-TUM.